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A

PANEGYRIC

ON THE

TOWN of PAISLEY.

MERCURIUS.

Quot Protei vultus, tot sunt mihi nomina et artes,

Nulla est ingenio fraus male nota meo.

Tam catus, et mendax, vafreque impostor, ut esse

Possim chemistes, augur, et astrologus.

Icones BUCHANANI

[Price SIXPENCE.]

PANORAMA

OF THE

LOAN OF THE



of the British Museum, is now open to the public, and is
the only place in London where the public can see the
originals of the most valuable and interesting objects
of the history and antiquities of the British Empire.
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A
PANEGYRIC

ON THE
TOWN OF PAISLEY. /c

BY A
NORTH-COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

— *Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.*

*Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*

HORAT. de Arte Poetica.

Printed in the Year MDCCLXV.

A
P A N E G Y R I C
THE
The D E S I G N.

THE Author, having lodged with a Friend in PAISLEY, and leaving all the family in bed next morning, had a message from the Lady soon after, telling him in jest, that his stealing off in the night looked very suspicious; though she found nothing a-missing but a walking staff: to this the following Verses are an Answer.

This fatirical fiction contains a compliment; as Mercury is the God of Trade, their obtaining his rod, signifies the dexterity of their manufacturers; and his wings, the extensiveness of their commerce, both being then very flourishing.



[5]

A

PANEGYRIC

ON THE

TOWN of PAISLEY.

I.

DEAR, Madam, I'm vext,
And greatly perplext,

To hear you have ta'en it amifs,

That I chanced to flit,

Before you thought fit;

Therefore muft you trouble with this;

A

II.

T' apologize for my crime,
 And beg pardon in time,
 And set your dear Ladyship right;
 For few Norlanders* stay,
 The coming of day,
 If they can get off in the night.

III.

Nor ought you to grudge,
 Wherever we lodge,
 If we generously go as we came;
 And play no worse trick,
 Than flip off with a stick;
 And so, pray, be thankful, Madam.

* North-country men.

IV.

And count it great gain,
 That your bed-cloaths remain,
 Whatever's become of the Spark;
 For 'tis truly a blessing,
 So little is missing,
 When Norlands escape in the dark.

V.

In PAISLEY, 'tis true,
 (To give you your due,)
 A Norland will meet with his match.
 Nor is it worth while,
 To strive to beguile,
 When t' other side's sharp at the catch.

VI.

For some time ago,
 Pray don't ask how I know,
 The Gods were carousing together,
 On Merc'ry's birth-day,
 Which is sometime in May;
 For May was the name of his mother.

VII.

Their Godships grew merry,
 With drinking of sherry;
 And as they sat round the great table,
 Like mortals just bluster'd,
 Still as they grew fluster'd,
 Each boasting of what he was able.

VIII.

Jove bragg'd of his chain,
 Bad them all take an end,
 And he'd venture to hold them a pull*.
 Reply'd Juno smart,
 " To be sure, my dear heart,
 We all know you're as strong as a bull†."

IX.

Jove, though he was flush'd,
 Knew her meaning, and blush'd;
 But Merc'ry fearing a storm,
 With his voluble tongue,
 Told him, when he was young,
 What fine tricks he was wont to perform.

* See the note at the end.

† Juno alludes to the rape of Europa, whom Jupiter is said to have carried off in the shape of a bull.

X.

Said Jove, with a smile,

“ Friend, you see yon old pile†;

A dozen of claret I’ll bett;

If you’ll but trip down

To yon little town,

‘In spite of your tricks, you’ll be bit.”

XI.

Done, and done, says the God;

And snatches his rod,

And wing’d his way down from the sky;

But chang’d shape and air,

Left the weavers should stare;

And appear’d like a merchant to buy.

† The Abbey.

[11]

XII.

With bags on his horse,
He trots by the Cross,
And enquir'd for the hostler at Shed's.
The news soon took air,
That a merchant was there,
Who wanted a fight of their goods.

XIII.

Straight the weavers left loom,
And all post to the room,
Each swearing he'd furnish him best,
At a very low price;
But with this kind advice,
"They're rogues, Sir, beware of the rest."

XIV.

The God tried his skill,
To cheat or to steal;
But found all the dealers too smart;
That their eyes were more quick,
Than his fingers to pick,
Kept him honest in spite of his heart.

XV.

But a weaver, in need
Of some cane for his reed,
Clapt his eyes on his wonderful rod;
And as he look'd about,
Snatch'd it up, and got out,
And ran off unobserv'd by the God.

XVI.

But the rest, who were there,
Cry'd, "O Sir, take care,
A rascal's run off with your cane;
From this window we'll watch him,
Till you run and catch him;
"Tis a pity but rogues should be ta'en."

XVII.

The God was surpriz'd;
So ran out as advis'd,
But ere he was well at the gate,
He wisely reflected,
His bags lay neglected,
And flies back, but arrived too late.

XVIII.

All the weavers were gone,
And of bags had left none;
There Merc'ry had flow'd up his wings.
In a terrible fret,
For the los of his bett,
And vext for the want of his things ;

XIX.

He swore he wou'd go,
Let their magistrates know,
How basely, in their town, he was tricked.
But no man would tell,
Where their magistrates dwell,
For fear he should forfeit his ticket.

[15]

XX.

For the burgesſes ſwear,
If a ſtranger comes here,
And finds himſelf wrong'd by a brother;
They ſhall careful conceal,
Where the magiſtrates dwell,
And, like true rogues, ſtick cloſe by each

[other.

XXI.

But paſſing the ſtreet,
He chanced to meet
The Doctor, return'd from a jaunt.
How it came in his head,
That I know not indeed,
But to him he preferr'd his complaint.

XXII.

The Doctor did pause,
 And consider the cause;
 Then uprightly thus did decide.
 Can they keep what they've got?
 They're honest, no doubt,
 And justice and right's on their side.

XXIII.

If a man but succeeds,
 He's a fool if he heeds
 Old idle distinctions of schools;
 Success gives a right,
 As clear as day-light,
 And none here denies that but fools.

XXIV.

Since the monks left this place,
 We have gotten *free-grace*,
 To enable us to cheat without sin.
 We get heaven by believing,
 And riches by thieving;
 So *faith* makes us happy, my friend.

XXV.

Our religion is made
 To agree with our trade,
 And founded on scripture full plain:
 Who best keep and catch,
 Will soonest be rich;
 And *godliness* sure is great gain.

XXVI.

Odd justice! you say;
But consider, I pray,
It is all e'er we knew in the place;
And for you to refuse,
What the people all use,
Will appear with a very bad grace.

XXVII.

Your justice is odd,
Replied the God,
Do you scorn the great vengeance of Jove?
To give each man his own,
Is a precept well known
To descend from the regions above.

XXVIII.

Such a law, he replies,
 May have come from the skies,
 For ought I can say on the score;
 But I have liv'd here,
 Now above forty year,
 And ne'er heard a word of't before.

XXIX.

So if you be wise,
 Take my kind advice;
 Never speak, while you stay in this town,
 Of the justice of God,
 And old precepts so odd,
 As that every man should have his own.

.XXXX.

They'll swear in a crack,
 That you must be a *Jack*,
 Or a foe to the Union, at least;
 They'll take it for granted,
 You're one discontented,
 Or pick you up for a Jesuit priest.

XXXI.

What the devil, quoth he,
 Is your Union to me,
 If my rod and my wings must be lost,
 That rogues will unite,
 No wise man will dispute,
 I'm convinc'd that's a truth to my cost.

XXXII.

The Doctor in a fume,
 To hear him blaspheme
 The Union, which they all adore;
 And talk about wings,
 And such out-of-way things;
 "This fellow is stark mad," he swore.

XXXIII.

Then, all in a fluster,
 Cry'd, "Cup, bleed, and blister;"
 Poor Merc'ry, by force, was drawn in.
 The Gods, at the feast,
 Shook their sides at the jest,
 To see him trick'd out of his skin.

XXXIV.

But his mother came down,
 And offer'd a crown
 To any who knew of his things;
 And glad to agree,
 Paid the Doctor his fee,
 And the lad got his wand and his wings.

XXXV.

But trembling for fear,
 Left more Doctors were near,
 He secretly flipt out of town:
 And mounted in hafte,
 And return'd to the feast,
 Where he filently fet himself down.

XXXVI.

The Gods, as they quaff'd,
 Most immod'ratly laugh'd,
 And toasted a health to the Doctor;
 Said Jove, " Friend, you've won,
 I see by your skin,
 You've stoll'n a vast deal of plaister."

XXXVII.

" You may laugh as you please,"
 Said the God of the thieves,
 " But such rascals were never yet made;
 For, I swear, by my truth,
 Though a cheat from my youth,
 To them I'm an afs at my trade."

XXXVIII.

Now, Madam, you know,
 When you us'd a God so,
 I was wise to slip off without din;
 For, had I made stay,
 Till your Doctor got day,
 I'd come off with the loss of my skin.

XXXIX.

So I wish you good health,
 And great increase of wealth;
 And God keep your young folks all well;
 And send you his grace,
 To get out of that place;
 So I heartily bid you, Farewell!

Stanza VIII. We are told in Homer, that Jupiter, when he had assembled the Gods, on an emergence of the Trojan war, spoke of the chain which was fixed to his throne, and the world hanging in it as nothing; and bade all the Gods exert their combined strength, and they should pull in vain; but if he should touch it, Gods and men, nay, heaven and earth, and sea, would give way at once.

T H E E N D.

